

Health of Sec. Gains Months Leave

SEC.-TREAS. H. Y. PAWLING WILL HOLIDAY FOR ONE MONTH

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Wainwright Town Council held in the Council Chamber with Mayor Foster and Councilors: Clifton, Huntington, Petrie, Robinson and Welch present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, and on motion adopted.

An account from the Electrical Engineers Ltd. giving a detailed statement for the repairs and material on hand in connection with the water main, amounting to \$214.80 was presented to Council.

Moved by Coun. Robinson—That the account from Electrical Engineer for repairing water main and supplying material and labor connection with same be paid—Carried.

A communication was read from the Western Nurseries, relative to the planting of grounds surrounding the Federal building.

Moved by Coun. Petrie—That the communication from Western Nurseries Ltd. be laid over till next regular meeting—Carried.

A communication from Calgary Power Co. Ltd. asking for an appointment to meet the Town's Utilities committee in regard to rates schedule was read.

Moved by Coun. Huntington—That letter from Mr. Macdonald of Calgary Power Co. (and a covering telegram) be filed and acted upon accordingly—Carried.

The Finance Committee reported, recommending the payment of several accounts as follows:

Contract	Amount
Electrical Engineers, balance of contract	\$785.72
Woods, Field, Craig and Hyndman, costs etc.	192.00
V. Coffield, labor	8.40
Prov. Secy, truck license	1.00
H. Renville, salary	37.50
Workmen's Comp. Board	9.94
Alta. Govt. Telephone	9.70
Wm. Robertson, labor	7.50
G. A. McNally, labor	3.90
J. R. Cameron, scavenging	150.00
Mrs. F. M. Christensen, salary	25.00
H. Y. Pawling, salary and stamps	106.00
Calgary Power Co.	161.00
Wainwright Star, prtg and advtg	116.25
Wain. Pharmacy	8.25
Tony's Blacksmith Shop, labor	5.75
O. R. Hannah, supplies	6.05
Brunker's Service Station, gas	20.35
Jon. Welch, ins. on trucks	19.00
W. E. Washburn, supplies	5.30
Atlas Lumber Co., supplies	12.90
Drs. Maynes and Middlemas, re Jackson girl	35.00
Patriquin & Johnstone, audit etc.	108.24
Mother's Allowance Act	27.50
Western Municipal News	21.52
Unity Hospital, re	

At the meeting of the directors of the agricultural society on Saturday last Mr. Geo. Clark spoke at some length on the desirability of the society sponsoring a boys' and girls' swim club, and the matter is being gone into very thoroughly for a future report.

SPONSORS HOPE BILL MAY PASS

BASE OPTIMISM ON DIFFICULTY OF GOVT RAISING FUNDS FOR ROAD CONSTRUCTION

EDMONTON, Feb. 3.—The Trackways Bill will again be introduced at the present session of the legislature, as the fourth annual effort of its promoters to secure a charter to build and operate concrete toll roads in sections of the province.

Donald Cameron (gov't.) finally will again introduce the measure as a private bill. Supporters are optimistic as to its chances for success this year in view of the increased difficulty of the government in raising revenue for the construction and maintenance of provincial highways.

On its last appearance when it was also sponsored by Mr. Cameron, the application for a charter was defeated by a vote of 32 to 14, and the previous year the B.E. (introduced by A. B. Claypool (gov't.)) did not pass.

The directors of the agricultural society will meet again on Saturday next in the Town hall to advocate the business of this year's fair.

Dr. Courrier and family motored down from the city last week and reports that travelling is enjoyable these days, and the roads almost all that could be wished for.

DON'T MISS THE BIG LANTERN LECTURE FRIDAY

Mr. George Boyd, of the government illustration farm has now completed arrangements whereby Mr. N. F. Bell, dominion supervisor of farms will give an illustrated lecture on experimental and illustration farm work and methods, at two o'clock in the L.O.O.F. hall, on Friday, February 13th.

This lecture will be free, and no doubt many of our readers will avail themselves of this privilege of witnessing the pictures of results which have been attained, and hearing the lectures which should prove truly profitable.

Don't forget the date, as the agricultural society directors are anxious to have as large a turnout as possible to attend this afternoon's instruction and pleasure.

ELKS LODGE BIG BALLOON DANCE

The local Elks lodge are holding a big balloon dance in the Elks theatre on Monday evening next, Feb. 16th, and all can be assured of a real good time. The Elks are always out to help the kiddies, and all are assured that the net proceeds of the dance will be used for this purpose. Admission is reasonable (50c), and a prize will be given the lady winning the balloon dance.

The Elks' own orchestra will supply the music, and dancing will start at 9 p.m. Everybody welcome to this big Elks night on Monday next.

PREMIER RETURNS FROM U.S. VISIT

LEARNED U.S. REACTION TO CANADA'S ATTITUDE ON INTERNATIONAL ISSUES

OTTAWA.—Hon. R. B. Bennett came back from his trip to Washington and New York and cabinet council, suspended in his absence, will resume at once. Before leaving while at Washington Mr. Bennett maintained a high degree of secrecy which is not likely to be varied now that he is back.

Meanwhile, however, some Washington dispatches confirm the forecast from Ottawa as to the subjects of discussion. There is much reason to believe that, in a general way, the premier desired to acquaint the United States authorities of his attitude on certain international questions, and at the same time wished to learn their corresponding reaction.

In regard to the tariff, about 260 items have been raised and, from all appearances, the job is to be entirely completed this session. Mr. Bennett no doubt, has told Washington that this is not an act of hostility so much as emulation of a protective policy from which he hopes to see located in Canada a line of American branch factories.

LOSE A MINUTE AND SAVE A LIFE!

January, 1931, started in early to build up a record-breaking death year. Complete figures are not yet available, but it seems that more than 3000 people were killed by automobiles that month! Did you help to make this total? Is one of your dear ones included? If so, you can appreciate what one death may mean. The year has only just started, and the auto deaths for 1931 are piling up; you can help to keep them down or build them up. It depends upon you as a driver and also a pedestrian. Lose a minute; it may save a life!

GET 1931 LICENSE PLATES FOR YOUR AUTO VEHICLES

An erroneous impression seems to be circulating that an extension of time is being granted this year in regard to license plates for motor vehicles; and further, that the price of license plates is to be reduced. This is not so! The license year runs from January to December, and the police state that although January first is the date for renewal of car registrations, a short time limit is allowed for owners to get them. From now on, owners of motor vehicles not having obtained the 1931 plates will be just warned to secure them, and failure to obtain and display them will result in prosecution.

GGAAsp82uocod6

After visiting with friends in Edmonton, Mrs. G. Clark has now returned to her home.

DECISION IS RESERVED IN GAS COY'S APPEAL

SUPREME COURT OF CANADA WILL RENDER JUDGMENT AT LATER DATE

OTTAWA, Feb. 4.—The question of whether the board of public utility commissioners of Alberta was entitled to take into account accrued surpluses of the Wainwright Gas company when natural gas rates were being fixed is the subject of an appeal to the supreme court of Canada. Judgment was today reserved in the case.

The board found that the value of the property should be amortized over a ten-year period (three years of which had already passed) and set this amortization value at \$72,951. This required annually an amount of \$5,938 to defray. Actually the company in the past three years has \$38,393 available for this purpose and the board used the difference \$10,588 to decrease future annual instalments on the amortization.

The board's stand was upheld by the supreme court of Alberta.

The Wainwright Gas company appealed against the rate set on its gas sale by the public utility commissioners of Alberta, who reduced the rate from 45 to 33 cents per thousand.

The appeal was taken to the Ottawa court, following a decision of the appellate division of the supreme court last October, in which the decision of Chief Justice Simmons who refused an appeal of the commissioners' ruling on grounds of lack of jurisdiction, was upheld. H. R. Miller, K.C., is appearing for the gas company.

ROBB TO VISIT SOUTH AMERICA

It has been announced that W. D. Robb, Vice-President of the Canadian National Railways, will accompany the Canadian trade mission to South America as the representative of Sir Henry Thornton, President, who is unable to make the trip. Mr. Robb will give a series of addresses before various audiences in South America, particularly at Buenos Aires where the Canadian mission will have an extensive and attractive display in the Canadian pavilion of the British Empire Trade Exhibition, to be opened by the Prince of Wales soon after the Canadian party arrives there. He will speak on Canada's resources of her attractions for South American tourists and of the good-will that exists and can be further promoted between the two countries.

LOCAL NOTES

Mr. E. Dupre had the misfortune to cut his foot badly with an axe last week, but is now able to be around again.

A large overhead tank has now been installed at the Wainwright flour mill, and a sprinkler system is being put in for additional fire protection purposes.

Mr. Atkins, of Atkins Petroleum, arrived back from Calgary last week and is now going ahead with his programme for immediate drilling.

Miss Lillian Heffernan, who is in charge of the hospital at Blackfalds, is here on a visit to her parents in town.

The monthly meeting of the local W.I. will be held on Saturday next in the Masonic hall at two p.m.

LIMIT ON NORMAL GRADUATES URGED

REMEDY FOR OVER-SUPPLY OF TEACHERS SUGGESTED BY HECTOR LANG

EDMONTON.—Limitation of the number of graduating Normal school students in Alberta by restriction of students' loans to the number of new teachers required annually was suggested by Hector Lang (Lib.) Medicine Hat, in the legislature. If the loans were made available on a competitive basis to qualified students only, those best fitted would take advantage of this assistance and the present over-supply of teachers would be remedied, he contended.

Educational problems are demanding increasing attention, Mr. Lang showed, and he pointed out that opposition members were anxious to assist the minister of education in framing an act in the best interest of the province.

RETURNING OFFICER APPTD. FOR GILT EDGE ELECTIONS

At a recent meeting of the Council of Gilt Edge M.D., Mr. P. T. Small was appointed as returning officer for the 1931 annual elections, when candidates will be open for nomination in divisions 2, 4 and 6.

The polling places and deputy returning officers will be as follows: required:—Division 2, poll at Heath schoolhouse, D.R.O. Mr. G. Turnbull; division 4, poll at Mayfield schoolhouse D.R.O. Mr. H. Driver; division 6 poll at Rosedale hall, D.R.O. Mr. E. L. Pugh.

The annual meeting of the electors of the municipality will be held in the Town hall at Wainwright on Saturday, February 21st, at one o'clock p.m. when the annual report will be presented with the auditor's statement.

APPRECIATION FROM AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

The Directors of the Wainwright agricultural society wish to take this means of extending their thanks and appreciation to all who so kindly assisted in any way in making the card party and dance the huge success it proved. Especially are they grateful for the kind loaning of chairs, tables, etc., and for the great assistance from the ladies.

MIXED FARMING TO BE KEYNOTE

GREAT INTEREST BEING SHOWN IN DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE COURSES

EDMONTON.—Mixed farming will be the keynote of the short courses held this season under the auspices of the department of agriculture. There will be twelve or more such courses on the list, the first being held last week at Ooks and High River; several more will follow next week and after.

R. G. Carlyle, who attended both of last week's courses and also addressed the board of trade at Okotoks says that great interest is being shown particularly in the livestock industry, many inquiries being made by farmers at the three points touched.

There is no evidence of discouragement on the part of the farmers, but they are manifestly turning to mixed farming as a way out of their present difficulties.

Emphasis will be placed at all the short courses this year on quality, it is stated by department officials. The addresses, which are to be given by department and university experts will take in the subjects of dairying, sheep, beef, cattle, hogs and poultry.

INDIAN RELICS FOR NEW YORK MUSEUM

Two Indian totem poles, relics of the Pacific Coast Indians of long ago left Prince Rupert recently for New York City, where they will be placed in the Museum of the American Indian Heyo Foundation.

The totem pole, a pole decorated with carvings of animals and birds, tells the history and indicates the social standing of an Indian family. The Pacific Coast Indians excelled in the construction of these poles, and along the Pacific Coast from Prince Rupert to Alaska they are found on the sites of old native villages. At the Indian village of Kitwanga, a short distance from Prince Rupert along the line of the Canadian National Railways, may be found the greatest collection of totem poles in the world in an almost perfect state of preservation.

We are glad to note that Dr. H. Wallace is now much better from the very heavy cold from which he has been suffering and expects to be in his office again this week.

MORE THAN HALF C.N. ISSUE WAS ABSORBED IN CANADA

Reports in regard to the recent bond issue of \$70,000,000 of the Canadian National Railways, indicate that slightly more than 50 per cent of this was absorbed in Canada, reflecting a marked change in sentiment in recent months.

The receipt of funds from this offering will enable the company to pay back indebtedness to the banks, and improve the position of the latter insofar as surplus funds are concerned. (C.N.A. am : mar01: -a: dis06:7)

AGRICULTURAL SOC. ANNUAL CARD PARTY

LARGEST CROWD EVER AT A WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE IN THEATRE

Did they have a good time? Well, did they? why of course! everyone knows full well that the annual card party of the Agricultural society is among the top-soldiers in popularity and the way in which the directors of the society worked to ensure that the affair last week was a worthy successor to other years was well repaid.

The crowd at the theatre was possibly the largest which has ever graced an affair of this kind, and the progressive whist with which the evening's fun commenced was entered into with a zest which bespoke well for the night's enjoyment. Indeed so full was the house that a large number had to forego the pleasure of card playing and wait for the enjoyment of the entertainment and dances which was to follow.

The prize winners at cards were—Ladies, Mrs. A. Beckett; gents, Mr. F. Stranahan; while the holders of the numbers for the lucky table were Miss M. Milner and Mr. S. Scutcheon. The lucky draw for the \$5 gold piece on the number of the high table was won by Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie.

At the close of the card playing a short concert under the chairman ship of Mr. Stan Baker, president of the society, was much enjoyed and encores were demanded in practically every instance. The following were the artists, and their offerings were in every instance of the usual high order enjoyed by Wainwright audiences:—Mrs. W. Clark, vocal solos; Mrs. L. Minter, readings; Mr. G. Bond, vocal solos; Mr. Chas. Horn, readings; Mr. Chas. Lilly, piano solos; Mr. Bill Stuart, monologue.

The concert having ended, a sumptuous supper was served with the kindly assistance of a whole bevy of ladies, following which the Elks orchestra pepped-up things with a merry dance in which all joined with a hearty zest, and which continued until away after the hour noted by the song "three o'clock in the morning!" Thanks to the efforts put forth it was reported at the directors' meeting of the society on Saturday that the net proceeds of the affair reached nearly \$200.00.

NINETEENTH OFFERING OF SYMPHONY HOUR

SUNDAY AFTERNOON RADIO TO INCLUDE HANDEL'S FAMOUS FIREWORKS MUSIC

"What the devil is that?" asked the composer Handel when someone showed him a wooden tube eight feet long that was bent into the most fantastic curves and perforated with holes. He was told that it was a "Serpent" and it looked like the creature that tempted Eve. But it was a new musical instrument. Whether it appealed to Handel's sense of humor or not, he wrote a part for it in his "Fireworks Music." Since that time, the Serpent has suffered the fate of the snakes of Ireland but the "Fireworks Music" goes on without it. Handel wrote it originally to celebrate the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle—he was a sort of poet laureate of music—and it was played in Green Park, London, on April 27, 1749, along with a gorgeous display of real fireworks. There were 100 instruments in the orchestra—24 oboes, 12 bassoons, nine trumpets, three drums, a deluge of strings, and the Serpent. The audience numbered 12000! The "Fireworks Music" will be played for another large audience on Sunday afternoon, February 15th, when the Toronto Symphony broadcasts it across the Canadian National Railways' radio chain. The full programme will include also the overture to "Romeo and Juliet" by Tchaikowsky; "Mala guene" and "Spanish Dances" by Monckowsky, and be heard over CNRD (Red Deer) from 3 to 4 p.m.

Marvel upon marvel! This week we had the pleasure of enjoying a truly marvelous piece of hen-fruit from the farm of Mr. I. Stouffer of Green-shields. This egg, which was laid by pullet, was a 2-yolk contraption, and measured 8 1/2 inches by 6 1/2 inches when the tape measure was placed around it. It was one of a dozen such monsters which in all weighed 37 ozs. for the twelve.

The Calgary Spring live stock shows and sales are now dated for March 30 to April 4 and prize lists and all information is now available from the secretary.

J. R. LOVE WANTS NEW CREDIT SYSTEM

CLAIMS SUCH NECESSARY IN REPLY TO SPEECH FROM THRONE

Stabilization of Alberta's agricultural industry, the basic activity, of the province and an extension of markets so as to provide an outlet for produce were among the features advocated by J. Russell Love, U.F.A., Wainwright, in continuing the debate on the speech from the throne in the legislature on Monday.

Because of its bulk and because of its distance from its ultimate market wheat means more to the financial and transportation interests of Canada than any other farm product, he said. "By this I mean that out of the price paid by the ultimate buyer for various farm products, a greater share of the price paid for our wheat goes to our transportation and financial interests than is the case with any other farm product," he said.

This held true whether grain was shipped to Vancouver, Montreal or Liverpool.

For four years, from 1925 to 1928 prairie farmers contributed annually nearly half a billion dollars of new wealth to Canada in the form of wheat. Unlimited credit was extended by a bank which sought to share the farmers' prosperity. World depression had now struck the farmer and had reduced his purchasing power from wheat alone by more than \$300,000,000.

Finding a market for surplus farm products was going to be a big factor in the next few years. With this in view he was firmly convinced that legislation should be passed immediately by the Dominion setting up a national brand for all Canadian products acceptable for export that rigid grading regulations be set up so that only the best cheese, butter, eggs, hams, bacon and other products would be entitled to be stamped with the national brand and that no second grade farm products be exported from Canada except for very special reasons such as shipments to China where price rather than quality was the important factor in making sales.

Another important problem ever acute in times of depression was credit. What was needed today was a new system of credit that would govern the distribution of wealth so that the wealthy should not become still more wealthy while the position of the economically lowly became worse.

Farmers and working men alike were producing not more wealth than the people the world over were able to consume, but they were producing more wealth than the people at large could pay cash for. Because the common people could not buy as much as they wanted or needed, consumption was reduced, resulting in the accumulation of surpluses. With the accumulation of surpluses sales problems increased and business slackened. The natural sequence of such a process led to unemployment and hard times. Surely there was sufficient intelligence among the nations of the world to work out a system of credit that would eliminate to a great extent the fluctuating periods of inflation and deflation which were the cause of so many economic ills.

Carl Tory underwent an operation on Sunday at the hospital for appendicitis and is getting along nicely now.

CAPT. ADAMS QUILTS RED CROSS POST

RETIREMENT OF COMMISSIONER IS ANNOUNCED — MRS. C. B. WAAGEN TO REPLACE HIM

Announcement was made Saturday from the divisional offices of the Red Cross Society in Edmonton, of the retirement of Capt. C. L. Adams, who has been commissioner and junior superintendent for the past three years. Mrs. C. B. Waagen, who is well known in Alberta, having been in charge of the activities of the society for a number of years before her retirement at the end of 1929, has been appointed as honorary commissioner, and will assume the duties of administration in a purely voluntary capacity, from February 1.

This change has been necessitated because of the financial situation facing the society, due to the conditions which have existed throughout the province. Although certain other changes may be necessary, every effort will be made to maintain the present services of the Junior Red Cross and the crippled children's work, without curtailment.

A petition is being circulated to deprive the Alberta Hotels of the Beer Licence, thereby releasing them from control by the Liquor Board.

UNLICENSED HOTELS ARE NOT UNDER CONTROL BY THE LIQUOR BOARD. THEY WILL HARBOUR BOOTLEGGERS AND BE A MENACE TO MINORS, TO THE RESPECTABLE TRAVELLING PUBLIC, AND TO THE COMMUNITY IN WHICH THEY ARE SITUATED.

Don't Sign The Petition

BUT REMEMBER

"The Licensed Hotel Keeper is answerable to the Government for orderly conduct in all parts of his Premises.

AND THEREFORE

The Licensed Hotel being under strict Government supervision at all times, acts as a real protection to the public; a protection to minors of both sexes. It is the enemy of the bootlegger and the "blind pig!"

DON'T SIGN THE PETITION TO KILL THE LICENSED HOTEL

THE EMPRESS CAFE AND BAKERY

**Good Meals
Good Rooms
Clean Beds**

Meals At All Hours

(CORNER OF FIRST AVE. & MAIN ST.)

Quan Hall -- -- -- Proprietor

NOTICE

TO THE RATEPAYERS of the Wainwright Municipal Hospital District No. 17, resident in the Town of Wainwright or in any village or hamlet within said Hospital district.

TAKE NOTICE THAT no ratepayer in the said town, village or hamlet, whose Hospital tax for the year 1930 does not amount to six dollars (\$6.00) or more is entitled to receive Hospital accommodation at the rate of \$1.00 per day unless prior to MARCH 1st, 1931 such ratepayer pays to the secretary of the Wainwright Municipal Hospital District No. 17, the difference between the amount of his said tax and the sum of \$6.00. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

RESIDENT NON RATEPAYERS must pay the full sum of \$6.00 to the said secretary before MARCH 1st, 1931, before they can become entitled to Hospital accommodation at the rate of \$1.00 per day.

By order of
BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The King Decides

BY OGGERS T. GURNEE

If a man named Shakespeare had never written a play called "Romeo and Juliet," and if the star's wife hadn't run a temperature and if the skylight hadn't stuck—

But let's start at the beginning. Ginevra Lacy stretched her limbs and very young body luxuriously and peeled off her clinging bathrobe. Of water from the shower still clung to her hair, which was the color of polished ashwood. Then she put on a bathing suit which was none too simple and gripped firmly the dog-eared sheet of her 'part'.

Ginevra had to be Juliet Wednesday afternoon and night, not to say Thursday and Friday night and twice on Saturday—all (thank goodness for the chance) because the great Valentine's wife was running to bursts of temperature that seemed nine parts temperance.

But when a girl's brought up on the Bard of Avon and had him for breakfast, dinner and supper all her years, one does get a bit fed up, and the lines do have a tendency to shuffle themselves and pop up in the wrong places.

And if you happen to be Ginevra Lacy, daughter of the once great Lacy, and you are playing opposite the now great Valentine, you simply can't do it Shakespeare.

So Ginevra had to know her Juliet. She cast an appraising eye upward and began to climb the spiky pile of her modernistic bootcases. By standing on the top deck, so to speak, she could unstick and push up the half skylight which covered the ceiling of her top-floor nest.

She knew just how it was done because she'd utilized it before as a route to and from the raggy roof, where, thanks to the plateau-like structure of Greenwich Village houses tops, one could have a sunbath as almost every privacy.

The ancient frame creaked protesting upward. Through the gap she pushed a canvas deckchair, neatly coiled; her Juliet part and a stick—to keep the glass from falling back and tapping her aloft.

Before she pulled herself upward she ducked and peered at the clock on her mantle. It was 10 o'clock.

For two hours she toasted in the late summer sun and took young Miss Capulet straight from balcony to tier. Then she sighed with relief, gathered up her paraphernalia and prepared to exit laughing.

But there wasn't any exit. The stick had stuck and the skylight stuck fast and there wasn't anything to get hold to pull it up.

She was a little annoyed, of course because now she'd have to walk down the stairs by the way of the trapdoor at the end of the roof and probably meet that bearded person who had the rear apartment, or a butcher's boy or someone else who'd stare at her practically undraped form—which is no way for a Shakespearean actress to be stared at.

She pulled at the trapdoor. Then she tugged. Then she struggled with it. It was latched from below.

By that time she was mad enough to play Ophelia without a make-up. But there was still a chance. The other half of her skylight folded over and ran across the rear apartment. She could see that the end was raised.

If that mysterious-looking person with the beard was out, she could drop down and get out in the hallway and yell for the janitor to bring his spare keys to let her in. It was all pretty terrific but she couldn't stay on the roof forever.

Ginevra approached the rear skylight cautiously and squinted through the opening. She could see a plain oak table, a typewriter, a sheet of scattered papers, some books, a pipe. But no man.

She heaved at the glassed frame, it rose and she swung herself over the edge, looking for a soft place to land on the stained floor.

'Well,' said a very masculine voice from out of nowhere and she gasped, let go and fell in a heap.

It seemed the bearded person was at home.

He materialized out of the shadows of the dressing alcove, and, thank heaven, he at least, was fully clothed. Ginevra made futile motions of gathering a nonexistent robe about her but there was simply nothing but bare floor and that skimpy little skirt sunbath suit to cover her confusion.

And he was probably staring at his eyes out.

Se looked up to see. Two astonishingly sharp and icily blue dots were squinting with what certainly looked like anger straight into her own eyes.

An unruly hedge of whiskers that grew from ear to ear and nose to Adam's apple failed utterly to mask the grim tightness of his lips.

'What,' he demanded brusquely, 'are you doing?'

For an instant Ginevra was too dumfounded to answer at all. Then she thought of any number of snappy comebacks, such as 'Fishing for strawberries or 'Hunting for edelweiss'—but why, she thought dignify this act with wisecracks?

'Can't I have any privacy?' he went on.

Of course, she decided immediately what to say when he talked that way.

'Stop mouthing insulting questions and get me a robe,' she flared.

It was ludicrous the way his mouth fell open at that. He stopped talking as though he'd been shot and one of the arms he'd been flinging crazily aloft stuck in the most absurd posture.

But he didn't move, and it made her furious because now he really did seem to be staring.

'Will you do as I tell you or shall I scream?' she demanded.

Which was easily as silly as anything he'd said, but she was pretty cross about things by this time. And it certainly produced action.

'Heaven forbid!' he said and dived into the dressing room to reappear a split second later with a Turkish toweling creation that unquestionably had seen better days.

'Take this,' he said, 'and for heaven's sake get out quietly.'

For answer Ginevra wrapped the oversized robe about her, walked out of his door to the hall balcony and yelled at the top of her lungs:

'Jackson, she called. 'Ooooh, Jackson!'

Behind her she heard a not-so-muffled curse and the door to the rear flat slammed mightily.

She almost laughed. 'Jackson,' she called again, but not so loud, 'please bring your keys; I'm locked out.'

Twenty minutes later, home, clothed and in her right mind, she began to experience a strange stirring of curiosity. Obviously the young man had acted very bad. It was not at all the thing one would have expected. And that made her laugh. She had been all prepared to be insulted by his too familiar gaze or what not, and instead, he'd been perfectly polite about her dropping in, so to speak.

But why? She wondered vaguely if he'd been disappointed in love and gone mad, or if he was a criminal or just plain crazy. The latter seemed rather to cover the case.

A rap on the door interrupted her. 'Come in,' she called.

It was the bearded man.

'I'm frightfully sorry,' he began diffidently. 'I didn't know—'

So she hadn't been mistaken after all, he would be the kind that try to take advantage.

'Can't I have any privacy?' she demanded haughtily. She picked up the Turkish dressing gown and tossed it at him.

'Take this,' she said sweetly, 'and for heaven's sake get out quietly.'

It was after midnight before she got back from the theatre and the hallways were dark, so she almost stepped on him before she saw him.

He wakened with a start, and she could see in the pale glow from the bulb above that he was smiling.

But he sat stock still on the top step of the top flight, and there was no way to detour in ladylike fashion.

'Please don't scream,' he said peevishly (his voice, she realized had a very fine quality) 'but I must apologize. You see I didn't know you lived here or that you'd had an accident. I thought—'

He waved his arms expressively and stopped.

Well, what on earth had he thought. She waited resignedly, but he still seemed to be floundering for words.

'I've been worried for lately,' he began again lamely, and stopped once more. The sad little light threw an eerie beam across his upturned face and she could see that he did look worn and ill.

'It's quite all right,' she assured him, 'but it isn't very comfortable place to talk. I'm famished, so let's go into my place and toast some muffins and have tea.'

With a start like that she fell in love with him, of course. Not at once. It didn't pop up and smite her suddenly. Rather it infiltrated, or seeped in the manner of battle, enfolded her marauded defences and came on from the blind side and then quite suddenly it was there and that was all there was to it.

But even that first evening over tea and toast and jam and scrambled eggs something did happen. Ginevra discovered with a strange flip of the heart that he was undeniably handsome and that his voice was really fine, particularly in his naive moments, which occurred often.

His name, he told her, was Bill King and he wanted to write a drama and to play Hamlet.

And she found, without realizing it, that she was being drawn out at great length about her own hopes and fears and ambitions. She even told him she didn't care a hang for the Bard, preferring the movies if that way led to success, but what she really wanted was to settle down with some good soul who labored under the undying delusion that she was the little woman who hung out the moon.

Which, undoubtedly, was a last-

moving first meeting.

She thought about it the next morning and was smitten with remorse. But nevertheless she thumped on his door. He wasn't in. It worried her when she didn't see him that day or the next.

But she thrilled with pleasure when the whiskers bobbed up in the audience the third night, and the fourth and fifth.

The morning of the sixth day he awakened her by beating a tattoo on the wall and shouting: 'Breakfast's ready—come and get it.'

After that they were virtually inseparable, for ten days. Then he announced out of a clear sky that he had to go away over the week-end. And that Saturday night the great Valentine decided Broadway couldn't appreciate Shakespeare and posted two-week notices.

Which left Ginevra dissolved in tears by Monday night. Bewildered Bill King found her sitting in a disconsolate heap when he came back from his week-end.

'I'm lower than a snake,' she admitted in answer to his question. Surprisingly, it seemed to make him glad. At any rate he smiled broadly.

'About ready to settle down to the love of a good man and forget Broadway?' he suggested.

'There aren't any good men,' she snapped, then swallowed a sob abruptly. 'Besides I'm not going to settle down until I've seen the Lacy name in lights again.'

'In lights?'

'You know what I mean. I want people to hear about me, talk about me. I want to be a success at something.'

He grinned at that. 'And then?'

She couldn't help smiling a little. 'And then,' she sighed, 'I'd be perfectly willing to rest on my laurels.'

He walked quickly across the floor and lifted her to her feet.

'Good,' he said matter-of-factly, 'because I came in to ask you to marry me.'

He sat down carefully in a big chair while she struggled for speech. 'But I just said—' she began.

He waved an arm deprecatingly.

'I know—the lights. Well, you can still use the name Lacy and there's the end in my play.'

She stopped and looked at her quizzically over the hedge-beard ends. 'Which I'm saving for my wife.'

'The play's not even finished,' she countered. He nodded.

'And you haven't got a producer,' she continued.

He nodded again. 'No,' he said airily, 'but I will.'

She felt herself slipping. Something had to be done. She reached for the biggest straw and chug.

'And Bill—I don't know a thing about you. I don't even know who you are.'

'That's funny,' he said quickly. 'I am the fellow who thinks you hung out the moon.'

'You're impossible,' she laughed.

'You're wonderful,' he answered, and that clinched things.

'Go home,' she said, 'and let me think it over. I'll tell you tomorrow morning.'

Then she undressed ever so slowly pausing after each discard to gaze (slightly misty of eye) at herself in the pier glass and make faces at the flushed image that laughed back at her and repeated over and over again. 'I'm in love, I'm in love.'

She went to bed, and to sleep, knowing perfectly well that there was no necessity for thinking it over. It was all settled, as sure as fate.

The answer was yes, capital Y—I love—you—

It must have been hours later she was awakened with a start. There were voices in the other room, in Bill King's, and they were angry voices.

She sat bolt upright. His voice rose above the others.

'No,' he was saying, 'no, I won't go back. I'm sick of it.'

Another voice interposed. 'You must. We've travelled halfway around the world hunting you. Everything's waiting. You've got to see it through.'

Ginevra slipped out of bed and knicked with her ear against the partition. What on earth did they mean? If she could hear more, piece the thing together.

She picked out a third voice now, placing: 'But it's your duty. You owe it to millions of people. They expect to see you, hear you again. You can't drop everything and run away, leave them in the lurch.'

That voice trailed off and the heavy door broke in again.

The coronation's all set, everything is set. They've even picked the little Swedish Countess for your queen.'

Ginevra Lacy, kneeling on the board floor beyond the partition, but her tongue and sat down abruptly on her hard little heels.

What could it mean? Duty? Coronation? Queen? The realization well up and flooded her.

A runaway Prince!

(Continued on Page Six)

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SWEET WILLIAM

BY DANA BURNET

Her name was William. I think I heard once upon a time that her mother had wanted a boy, and had called her baby William in sheer resentment.

Now there were times when one wanted to annihilate WILLIAM. For example I recall one August day when I was working desperately to finish a story before it would be time to go bathing. The day was hot and the story was stubborn. Then up the hill came William in that rattlesnake car of hers, and, leaping out, pressed her beautiful, brief nose against the screen of my study window.

"Hello," she said in her husky contralto. "Working? Such a nice day as this?"

"I became a potential murderer."

"Go away, William!"

"Such a nice day as this?"

"William, if you're in love again, go tell the world, but don't bother me."

"Where's Elsie?" (Elsie is my wife.)

"In the house."

"Well, I'll go tell Elsie."

Aunt Sophie said that William had been in love steadily since she was fifteen. She's had so many different kinds of beaux I don't know what to look for next. She started naturally with a football player. I spent that fall in the Harvard Stadium.

The next one played golf. That left me with feller arches. The next was a tennis fiend. I got a sunstroke watching him win a pewter mug.

Then came the one who was learning the saxophone. That was the time I had my nervous breakdown.

Aunt Sophie Bigelow was William's only living relative. She was a small, sweet-faced old lady whom everyone adored.

William was twenty-two when she met Norman Reed. Reed was a hero, and when I say hero, I mean hero. That young man had more heroic qualities than even a fiction writer could invent.

Norman Reed had played football in college. And, during the World War he had been an aviator, a flying ace in a famous combat unit overseas. At the age of twenty-nine, he was a modest, good-looking, and altogether charming young graduate.

"Well," said I to William, "when are you going to announce it?"

"Oh," she answered rather vaguely, "it's only August, you know."

There was a certain charity masquerade ball at the Casino. At this dance William appeared as a torn and tattered newsboy. She was all rags. It was certainly pathetic. The amount of sympathy she received that night and of course Norman Reed led all the rest in sympathizing with William.

These two sat at our table and everything was beautiful till about eleven o'clock in the evening, when suddenly a strange man appeared and said hello to William.

I had just taken off my false face, when, glancing up, I saw this tall young bird in the costume of an aviator shaking hands with William.

He was big and blond and indecomitably joyous. "Hello!" he said. "I told you I'd drop over. Hello, Norman!"

Reed got up slowly, and did the honors. It developed that the newcomer was one Mr. Richard Garland and that somehow he and Norman Reed were well known to each other. At the moment I learned nothing more about Mr. Garland, though from the very first I sensed the fact that William now had on her hands exactly twice as many heroes as any one girl ought to expect. But wait till I tell you—

At the first opportunity I questioned William. We were walking toward the beach for air.

"Who, I asked, is Mr. Garland?"

"Oh, he's a friend of Norman's."

"But where'd you meet him?"

"Oh, at Silver Beach this afternoon when Norman and I went over to fly."

"Have you been flying William?"

"Oh, yes. It was thrilling."

"What did you fly in?"

"A biplane. I'd never been up before

and wanted to go, and Norman said he would take me. We drove over and went down to where the planes were and there Norman saw Mr. Garland, he was leaning against the side of his plane smoking a cigarette and looking awfully sort of picturesque—

"Who was?"

"Mr. Garland was. And Norman said, 'I know that man. He's Dick Garland.' And then he spoke to him and it seemed they were ja the same what-do-you-call-it—the same air squadron?—during the war. They were both aces. Isn't it funny?"

"It's preposterous. But Mr. Garland is still practicing, while Norman has retired from the profession."

"You see," explained William, "Mr. Garland's father is a hard, I mean, it seems that he's in the banking business in Boston and frightfully rich and rather stiff about the neck. Mr. Garland wants Dick to join the bank or, in join the world?"

"No."

"Well anyway, Dick—I mean Mr. Garland—doesn't want to join his father's bank and he's out off temporarily from his father's affections and has to make his own living. So he took this flying job at Silver Beach."

"I suppose you invited him to this dance?"

"I believe I did mention it," admitted William. "But you see, he hadn't time to get up a costume, so he just came in his flying suit. I think he looks rather well in it, don't you?"

"I think he does. But there's something wrong with this picture my dear. It's all cluttered up with heroes. There ought to be a William in it some where."

"Sorry," said William. "I don't think there are any William in Massachusett this summer. Unless," she added giggling, "you count that funny little man over there by the door. They say he's a retired bootlegger. But you could hardly call that man a William."

"No, I agreed, with a disdain that later I was to regret."

"He looks rather like a pumpkin," observed William, critically.

William was greeted as we reached our table, by young Mr. Reed and Mr. Garland simultaneously. That is, both stood up, Mr. Reed tall and dark and handsome. Mr. Garland, blond and tall and handsome and said: "Hello, want to dance this—"

William looked from one to the other. There was a lovely moment of hesitation and appraisal. Then—

"I think I promised this to Norman," said William and as Reed triumphantly drew her into his arms, she smiled.

I say she smiled, but I don't know quite whom the smile was for or what it signified. All I know is that young Mr. Garland remained standing against the wall near our table till it came time for him to cut in. And then he went forth as one bound on the very business of his soul.

The next morning, on the beach, I flung myself down beside Aunt Sophie who said: "Good heavens! Will the girl never make up her mind? And to think that this one's an aviator!"

"Norman was an aviator too," I suggested.

"But he's got over it. He's a sensible young man. Is this one sensible?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Miss Bigelow. He looked like a nice, bright, young man."

"Nice? Bright? Mmmm! He's probably a reckless young daredevil who will turn out to be a reckless young daredevil who will turn out to be no good at all. You talk to her! I'm going to sleep."

"Hello," said William, dropping down on the sand beside me. "You haven't seen any biplanes flying about this morning, have you?"

"Are you expecting a biplane?" I asked, with a glance at Miss Bigelow who seemed actually to have fallen asleep.

"Well, yes and no."

"William," I said, "your Aunt Sophie's worried about you."

Lifting her head from the curve of her brown arm, she said: "To tell you the truth I'm worried about myself."

"Norman asked me to marry him last night. And I said, like a perfect idiot, 'Give me time to think it over, Norman'—when what I wanted to say was, 'Yes, thanks very much, I'd love to.'"

"Well, if that's what you wanted to say, why didn't you say it?"

"Because, as I told you, I'm an idiot. There was something else in my head something that Dick Garland had whispered to me when I was dancing with him."

"Something very important?"

"Oh, no! It was nothing at all... I mean, it was just my name."

"Your name?"

"Only he said—some William sat up clasped her knees in her arms, and looked reflectively at the sea. He called me 'Sweet William,' she mused aloud, 'and somehow I liked it.'"

"He said it so nicely. And do you know, all at once I'd an entirely new conception of myself. And rather disturbing."

"Why disturbing?"

"Well, you see I've always thought of myself simply as a nice girl who knew her own mind. But last night, when I saw William, still gazing dreamily into the blue distance, I suddenly began to suspect myself of secret romantic tendencies. And the worst of it is that I don't know this Dick Garland at all. I simply don't know him at all."

"Well," said I, "it looks as though you were going to have a chance to get better acquainted with him." And I pointed to a speck in the sky.

The speck rapidly became a white dotted airplane whose droning could now plainly be heard.

"It's my blond-haired boy friend," said William, "coming to ask me to go up and look at a cloud?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Aunt Sophie, "rousting and staring fearfully at the sky. This is the worst yet."

By this time Elsie had joined us, and a moment later Norman Reed appeared.

"It must be Dick," he said to William, with an indifference that seemed to me a little forced.

Other voices chimed in around us. "He's going to land!"

"On the beach? Yes, he is."

"No, he isn't. He's climbing up a gash."

"Oh, did you see that! He looped the loop. He's going to do stunts!"

It was true. The lone airman, attaining a sufficient altitude, had hovered for a moment in space, then with graceful deliberation, had completed a backward loop over the sea. A moment later he banked and shot up and repeated the manoeuvre.

I felt William's fingers digging into my arm.

"Oh!" she breathed. "I wish he wouldn't."

"It's all for you, William."

"I wish—I do wish he wouldn't. There he comes down! He's going to land."

A few seconds later, the plane bounded gently on the hard sands.

"Thank the Lord," said William. "Come along, Aunt Sophie."

"Yes," snapped Miss Bigelow, rising. "Here I go on what will probably be my last human folly."

William, Aunt Sophie, my wife, Norman Reed and, in fact, most of the summer population of Massachusett now were hurrying toward the park of plane. But I was slightly delayed in reaching the scene.

"Pardon me," said a cheerful tenor voice at my shoulder. "Pardon me! Could I trouble you for a fight?"

I turned and saw beside me the little man who looked like a pumpkin.

"Quite a bit of excitement," he piped. "Wonderful age we live in."

"I said 'Wonderful' and rushed for ward to see William and Dick just helping Aunt Sophie into the cockpit



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of the plane. The dear old soul looked grim but she was game.

All during that brief fight, I was conscious of the little fat man chirping away at my shoulder.

"Yes sir.....Wonderful age we live in.....I'm told there's a lot of liquor—Canadian liquor—landed by airplanes along this coast, but blast if I've seen any of it.....Ha, ha, ha, I like my little drink now and then."

"Yes of course. Certainly," I answered, gazing into the sky.

"Well, well, I suppose a man's better off without it.....Though if I could get hold of a quart or two I'd be willing to take a chance on it. But I'm naturally shy, don't like to ask people, Ha, ha!"

I glanced down at him, wondering whether it could possibly be true that this human pumpkin ever had been a bootlegger.

"That young fellow who's driving that airplane.....Ha, ha! I take it he's a friend of yours? Saw him at your table at the Casino last night.....Sort of lonesome being up here all alone.....Well, I suppose you know everybody in the place, but I don't think I have seen this young aviator here before."

At that I turned to look at the little man more closely.

"See here," I said, "I don't know what your game is, but it sounds very much as though you were trying to pump me."

"Pump you? My dear sir, why on earth should I?"

"I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea. But I don't like it. To be perfectly frank I don't particularly like you. So if you'll excuse me, Mr.—"

"Jones is the name," murmured the pumpkin slyly and sidled off with such a reproachful look that I almost repented my rudeness.

I was the first to greet Aunt Sophie when she landed.

"Miss Bigelow, I congratulate you."

"It wasn't so much," said Aunt Sophie with superb calm. "But do you know I rather like that young Garland. I've asked him to dinner tonight. Will you and Elsie come? I thought we'd have some bridge afterward, you two, Mr. Garland and I."

"What about William?" I asked.

"Oh, William is going driving with Norman Reed," replied Aunt Sophie. Some time later that morning I met William.

"I understand that Aunt Sophie has invited one of your aces to dinner tonight," I said, "and that you are going driving with the other one."

"William nodded. 'Yes, she said abstractedly. 'And which I'd rather do or play bridge I don't know. I'm awfully fond of Norman. I know him much better than I know Dick Garland, naturally, and I think I'm going to marry him. And yet—'

"And yet—?"

"Well," said William, "to sum up, I would say that aces were easy, if you know what I mean."

That night we played no bridge. For somehow Dick Garland and Aunt Sophie got to talking about France. Young Mr. Garland was an engaging talker. His story of a visit to the

wine caves about Rheims during the war had a fine quality of ironic gaiety, and when he described how he had managed to ship home, just before the American prohibition law went into effect, twenty cases of excellent French champagne for his father's cellar, it almost brought tears to our eyes.

"Goodness me!" sighed Aunt Sophie somewhat recklessly, "what I wouldn't give for a bottle of that champagne."

Dick Garland looked at her, leaned forward impulsively and was about to speak when apparently he changed his mind.

At ten o'clock William and Norman returned from their drive and then—

Well, it seemed that there was a perfectly wonderful moon, which we all simply must go out and look at. So we all went out and looked at the moon, and after a while William and Mr. Garland were nuzzling when Elsie and I said good night. We left Norman Reed talking with Aunt Sophie.

The next day Elsie told me that William had told her that after we'd gone, while she was still looking at the moon with Dick Garland, he suddenly had taken her in his arms and kissed her.

"And what did William do?"

"She said she kissed him back—automatically, you understand—I understand."

"And then in a while half the night considering his character."

"Ah, indeed!"

A week later, the question of Dick Garland's character came up sharply and with dramatic results. And it was the pumpkin's little man whose name was Jones, who preoccupied the situation.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of a brilliant summer day, Elsie had gone to Portland and I was working in my study, when up the hill came William in the rattlesnake car of his and, leaping out, burst in at my door.

"Thank the Lord you're here? You must come at once. Dick's been arrested and he's at our house and Aunt Sophie's sitting on the evidence."

"Hold on William! You say Dick Garland's been arrested?"

"Yes. By that dreadful little man 'The pumpkin.' But how could he? Because he isn't a pumpkin and he isn't a bootlegger. He's a federal prohibition officer!"

"My sainted aunt!" he exclaimed. "Your sainted aunt?" cried William. It's my sainted aunt who is to blame for the whole catastrophe. You see, Dick went home yesterday to Beverly to see his father."

"But I thought Dick and his father weren't on speaking terms?"

"They weren't. But yesterday Dick went to see him because he, oh well, that doesn't matter. The point is that when he came back he brought with him in a suitcase, six bottles of perfectly good pre-war champagne."

"For Aunt Sophie!" I guessed.

"Yes," said William. "You see, when he got out of his plane, there was this dry agent lying in wait for him. (Continued on page 7)

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Mr. Weir stated that the disposal of cattle coming off feed this spring and those ready for market next fall was receiving the close attention of his department. The opinion was expressed that British purchasers of cattle could be induced to come to this country.

R. P. Christie, of Manyberries, prominent Alberta rancher, who accompanied a trial shipment last November to Manchester, expressed satisfaction at results achieved. The opinion was expressed that the export shipments had a salutary effect on the market and that prices improved as a result.

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WAINWRIGHT ALBERTA FEBRUARY 11th, 1931

PETTY LARCENCY

It seems that every town and village has its quota of people who are never any more honest than they have to be. Just why they like to take the chances of arrest and conviction for some of the things that are pulled off, remains a mystery. In a great many cases it is not the value of the thing that is stolen that appeals to them, because the articles could be purchased for a mere pittance and no friendships broken or confidences shaken.

Just why men and women, otherwise well-respected and honorable will stoop to robbing, then roasts, and others, small stuff is inexplicable indeed. They not only say themselves liable to apprehension as we have stated, but more than that were it not for the consideration people have for their standing in no telling all they know, a great many surprises would be forthcoming, and from very unexpected sources. We believe with Solomon that a good name is father to be chosen than great riches, and once a person's name becomes linked with petty thieving, no matter how insignificant, it is a thing that is not easily forgotten or forgiven.

It seems too that when people are taken on a children's wagon, they are very inconsiderate as to where children they get, and too often the widow and the needy are the victims of these depredations. Why? We would venture the assertion that these same people who oppress the needy in this kind of work, would be the first to yell for protection in things that were of great moment and consequence.

People shout for protection, yet dodge and evade the law in the very things in which you should try and uphold it. There is other petty larcency rampant in our town and every one should use their influence to curb it.

We have never yet reported a police court case in our columns or given any names. We sometimes wonder if we would not be doing a good turn in the turning of this sort of law defiance if we printed everything with all the sordid details and all names whether of high or low estate. When people deliberately destroy property in empty houses and don't respect people's property rights enough to leave a family wash intact on the line, it seems to us that it is time for stock taking and if people's reputation and good name suffers, then they should cultivate good ways and keep away from things that will not stand investigation and questioning.

SPEND AS USUAL

One startling fact that has been brought out during the present day crises is that the savings bank deposits of a certain class of people generally spoken of as the married class comprised of those having regular incomes, have increased to a considerable amount over normal times. While we have nothing to say against thrift, in fact we believe it is necessary to a person's success in life, at the same time if carried too far it becomes an end in itself, an extravagance. To us the increased deposits indicate that incomes are not the only ones practicing economy. Thus the cry becomes, "Things are quiet, people have stopped buying."

What is wanted at the present time is not economy, but a more liberal spending on the part of those who can afford.

If all those with steady incomes would make up their minds to spend a dollar or so more it would help considerably to lighten the present depression.

We are reminded of the story of the artist, who, when dining in his favorite cafe in Paris, picked up a news-

paper. One headline drew his attention—very forcibly, it was: "Hard times are coming." Immediately he began to economize and instead of ordering his usual second bottle of wine, called for his bill. The manager, fearing something was wrong, inquired the reason and was shown the paper. "Hard times," he mused, "then madame must do without her new dress." The dressmaker on hearing this thought the time inopportune for making alterations. When the builder heard of the coming depression, he decided to economize too so cancelled his order to the artist for his wife's portrait. But the next day the artist went to the cafe to dine and picked up the paper. On finding it was the one he saw containing the article about hard times he looked at the date, it was two years old! He immediately ordered his second bottle. The manager on learning of this bought his wife her new dress, the dressmaker made the desired alterations and the builder re-ordered his wife's portrait.

The artist started something. The same principal is applying to a certain extent today. If, instead of cancelling their orders, those who can afford were to increase, we would soon be on the way to better times. So, instead of practicing unnecessary economy buy that new car you figured on, make those alterations, buy your wife her new dress or yourself a new suit. In other words, spend as usual, if possible, spend a little more.—Etc.

MILK SAFETY IN EPIDEMIC

The recent death of five persons in Kirkland Lake, Ontario, in an epidemic of septic sore throat has been blamed, officially, to the community's milk supply. Four hundred people were made sick, then the Provincial department of health stepped in, milk was pasteurized, and the epidemic promptly proceeded to the down.

Naturally, such a calamity as this—and it is indeed a calamity when a whole community is tied up, four hundred persons made more or less seriously ill, and five killed by preventable disease—arouses editorial comment. And, as occasionally happens, some of the shrewdest and most pungent observations were made by the editors of papers in comparatively small places.

"Why," asks the editor of the *Cochrane, Ontario, "Northland Post,"* "should the citizens of Cochrane, of Kirkland Lake or any other centre be exposed to the dangers of such an epidemic as the present one in Kirkland Lake? Why should it be necessary for lives to be sacrificed in order to bring about long overdue measures of health protection? It cost Cochrane somewhat in the neighbourhood of eighty-five lives to get a safe water supply and now Kirkland Lake is paying the ghastly price for a safe milk supply. Will Cochrane again be called upon to pay tribute to the grim reaper before we too shall have safe milk?" Pointing out that pasteurization has been endorsed by public health authorities from one end of the country to the other, an editorial continues: "If pasteurization could have prevented the present epidemic in Kirkland Lake why was it not insisted upon by the Health authorities, either local or provincial? If pasteurization can prevent the possibility of a similar outbreak here, then it is up to the health authorities to see to it that the town's milk supply is pasteurized! The public memory is not very long, but none of the citizens of Cochrane who passed through the terrible months of the typhoid epidemic are likely to forget." From that, the editorial exhorts local milk producers to be true to their own best interests, to realize how the milk producers of Kirkland Lake suffered from the epidemic which their own product brought upon the town, and to enter into any arrangement which would assure them of the continued sale of their product.

There the editor of the *"Northland Post"* says something which should be said more often. Milk producers who oppose pasteurization (and their tribe is decreasing steadily) fail to realize that pasteurization protects not only the lives of their customers but the livelihood of themselves. When the Kirkland Lake epidemic was definitely traced to impure milk the producers lost hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars. The provincial authorities poured their milk upon the ground. And what milk producer would like to hang his head before the reproachful glances of his fellow townsmen, shamed by the knowledge that his product has sown disease and death broadcast throughout his community? Pasteurization, says Dr. John W. S. McCullough of the Ontario Department of Health, costs less than one-half cent per gallon. Surely a people who believe in the principles of insurance, as Canadians do, cannot fail to see that this is a very small premium indeed, to pay for health and the postponement of premature death.

*** No matter where you store your car or truck for the winter, a short circuit wire might start a fire. Better insure it; the cost is very small. Joe Welch specializes in car insurance.

LIGE CONLEY, LONG
FEATURED, RETURNS
TO COMEDY FIELD

Lige Conley, formerly a featured comedian who retired from the screen to direct laughmakers, will be seen again before the camera, this time playing one of the principal supporting characters to Lloyd Hamilton in the star's new all-talking, Education comedy, "Honk Your Horn" which will be at the theatre as a special added laugh attraction for this week.

A shortage of comedians with suitably microphone voices has brought many "old-timers" back into popularity. The microphone has also caused the retirement of many favorites because of the unavailability of their voices to the recorder.

Lige proved a happy medium between these two since he had all of the old tricks of the comic on the silent screen as well as a fine speaking voice and acting ability. This comedian was featured for a number of years in Educational's Marmalade Comedies. Recently he has been directing laugh productions.

Hamilton, the star of "Honk Your Horn" appears as the modest but dumb owner of a flea circus in this picture. His modesty turns to sympathy for a young, struggling garage operator—to such an extent that he wrecks many cars to drum up trade for his friend.

CANCEL GOV'T "OPEN SESAME" CREDENTIALS FOR TOURISTS ABROAD

OTTAWA—Hon. C. H. Cahane, secretary of state, has set his foot down on the long prevailing custom of the department of issuing to private citizens of official credentials from the government. It was an impressive looking document with a big red seal and red and green ribbons, and it bespoke officialdom abroad, courtesy for the holder. There was the implication that anything done for these pilgrims would be appreciated by Canada.

The document, of course, was not a passport, but often those who flashed it upon a European customs officer immediately got the salute accorded to a distinguished visitor, and were saved from rummaging through baggage.

The value of these mistakes, it seems, has depreciated a lot because of the number issued by various countries. Mr. Cahane's order now is that they shall issue only those whose mission is purely official.

ALBERTA READY TO
CARRY LANDS CASE
TO EMPIRE COUNCIL

EDMONTON—Contention of Alberta and Saskatchewan that the Dominion should account to these provinces for all natural resources alienated since the Northwest Territories became part of Canada in 1870 will probably be carried to the Privy Council, Premier J. E. Brown indicated last week.

Discussing the Supreme Court of Canada's decision, as announced in an Ottawa dispatch today, that the Dominion of Canada cannot be called upon to account for lands alienated prior to the formation of the two prairie provinces in 1905, the premier intimated that the agreement between this province and Saskatchewan had been to carry the question to the highest tribunal of the Empire.

"We are not entirely surprised with the decision," he added, "as, when following the argument presented the Dominion was not called upon to reply, we had anticipated this result."

24 PERSONS LOST
IN ALBERTA FIRES

EDMONTON—Twenty-four lives and \$3,000,000 in property were lost from fires in Alberta last year, according to preliminary tabulation by the provincial insurance branch. The figures are not yet quite complete and the total property loss may finally be slightly more. It shows a substantial decrease from the 1929 loss, which was \$4,274,000. The lives lost, however, were six more than the year before.

THE
"B.C." LAUNDRY

Second Ave, Wainwright

NOW UNDER
NEW MANAGEMENT

All accounts owing to Mah Wing, former proprietor, must be paid forthwith, and the undersigned will not be responsible for any bills and accounts contracted previous to January 5th, 1931.

DONG DICK, prop.

MODERATE PRICES &
WORK GUARANTEEDRobin Hood
Rapid Oats

Best Because It's "PAN-DRIED"

KILL THOSE FLIES

Before long the first fly will come crawling out of his winter's hiding place. It will not be a very active fly. It will not try to bite you, nor will it buzz angrily about your ears. It will be the most friendly, tame fly, one could wish to have for a playmate. But this particular fly is worth a great deal dead. It is the head of a

family of millions of flies, or it will be if you allow it to live.

Kill the first fly you see, and the second and the third. If every one would do this, we would have fewer flies this coming summer than we have ever had before. Give the early flies a start and they soon get beyond control. Swat them when they are scarce and they will remain scarce.

You can serve
MORE NOURISHMENT
for LESS MONEY
with these Syrups!

Delicious, economical food with real nourishment is what your family needs, and you can get all of this when you serve **Crown Brand Corn Syrup** and **Benson's Golden Syrup**. Physicians recommend them because of their great energy producing value and because they are easily digested.

Have a jug of one of these famous syrups on the table at every meal. Eat all you want. They mean real health for less money.

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited
MONTREALEDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUPBENSON'S
GOLDEN SYRUP

Send today for our famous recipe book "Canada's Prize Recipes." Fill out the coupon and enclose 10c. to cover mailing costs.

The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, Montreal
Please forward me a copy of your new Cook Book "Canada's Prize Recipes." I enclose 10c.

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CHAUVIN-EDGERTON CO-OPERATIVE
LIVESTOCK MARKETING ASSOC. LTD.

Ship your cattle the Co-operative way and get the benefit of car lot sale if you have one head or fifteen

BE SURE AND LIST YOUR STOCK WITH SUB SHIPPER.

Monday, February 16th, 1931

List them with F. W. Watts, W. A. Kinghorn, P. T. Haywood or F. M. Ford at Heath.

CHAS. E. MILLER

Shipper

F. F. PARKINSON

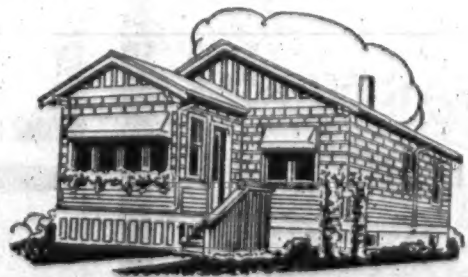
Secretary.

Grade "A" Means Lasting Stability

No matter your choice of lumber and building materials—your choice should be Grade-A standards to insure a lasting stability which is the thriftiest economy. No matter what your building project may be this spring, whether it be a home complete, a new garage, or the modernization of house or rooms, we can supply you with Grade-A lumber and materials at lowest prices. Windows, doors, lath, shingles, roofing, paints, lime sand—and plans, yours for the asking.

LET US ESTIMATE ON NEW WORK OR REBUILDING

Lumber, Cement,
Beaver & Plaster,
Plaster, Lime,
Board, Lath,
Doors & Shingles,
Windows, Molding,
Kalsomine, Fencing,
Paints, Bricks,
Varnishes, Etc., Etc.



When making PROGRESS in building or repairing think of.

Progress Lumber Co.

THIRD AVENUE

R. M. DURRANT, Mgr.

VALENTINE CARDS

A FINE ASSORTMENT TO CHOOSE FROM

RANGING FROM

2 for 5c to 60c each

VALENTINE CANDY

GIVE HER A BOX OF VALENTINE CHOCOLATES

\$1.00 to \$5.00

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MAIN STREET PHONE 38 WAINWRIGHT

Churches
& LodgesUnited Church of Canada
WAINWRIGHTUniting The Presbyterian Church in
Canada, The Methodist Church, and
The Congregational Churches of
Canada)

Rev W. J. Huston B.A. Pastor

SERVICES NEXT SUNDAY

11 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible
classes.
3 p.m.—Greenhills
7.30 p.m.—Evening Worship
A "Father & Son" service will be
conducted in the evening on Sun-
day next, and all fathers and their
sons are especially invited.

St. Luke's Church



Rev. Hugo Doyle, P.P.

SERVICES, SUNDAY, NEXT

9 a.m.—Heath
11 a.m.—Wainwright
7.30 p.m.—Sermon and Benediction
of the Blessed Sacrament.
Subject—"Church and Education"

EVERYBODY WELCOME

The Presbyterian Church
in Canada

St. Andrew's, Wainwright

Rev W. S. Brookor, Pastor

Sundays

11 a.m.—Divine Service
12 noon—Sunday School
7.30 p.m.—Divine Service

Baptisms are held on the first Sun-
day of each month at the morning ser-
vice. The Lord's Supper is celebrated
the first Sunday in January, April,
July and October.

ALL ARE WELCOME

WAINWRIGHT LODGE
NO. 45 I.O.O.F.

Meets every Monday night at 8 p.m.
in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Third Avenue.

Visiting brethren always welcome

F. MORRIS, N.G.
W. HUNTINGFORD, R.S.
B. KARMAN, F.S.

UMISK ENCAMPMENT NO. 4
I. O. O. F.

Meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, Third
Avenue Wainwright on the Second
and Fourth Thursday of every month
at eight p.m.

Visiting and Travelling Patriarchs
always welcome.

W. ADAMS, C.P.
W. C. BOWEN, R.S.

ADELINE REBEKAH LODGE
I. O. O. F.

Meets every First and Third Thurs-
day of the month in I.O.O.F. hall.
Visiting members always welcome.

Sis. B. Hughes, N.G.
Sis. E. Love, R.S.
Sis. M. Carsell, F.S.

SUBSCRIBE to the Star

You're going to be very hard up you
fear?

Well, what if you are, why man alive
if you have to struggle and scrimp
and strive.

And pinch a dollar until it hurts.
For winter woollens and shoes and
shirts.

We've all been over the trail before
And poverty's often knocked at the
door.

It won't hurt a bit, old man you know
if you have to put this gear in low!
When the crops were good and the
prices high.

Say, didn't we soar and spend and fly
The sky was the limit, we took the
air.

And flew our crops like a millionaire!
But there's always a time when we
have to pay.

And the bills pile up for a rainy day
And you start to think where you
might have stood.

If you'd kept your head when the
crops were good!

But cans cost money, and trips, Oh
say!

The dough it sure did melt away!
And what crops we had in our com-
modity.

When the wheat threshed out like a
golden tide.

And the gods of harvest with lavish
hand.

Scattered his riches across the land
When the wheat poured out on the
granary floor.

And there wasn't room for a bushel
more!

But let's forget what we might have
done.

There'll be more harvests, and rain,
and sun;

And let's be decent and take the
blame.

And be sports enough to play the
game.

And let's come down to earth and
stay.

And get a grip on the things that
pay.

THE SMALL TOWN

MERCHANT'S JOB

Our brother across Mr. A. L. Horton
who by the way has just completed
his twenty-fifth year as publisher
of the Vegreville Observer, while ex-
pounding editorially on grievances in
general, offers his sympathies to the
small merchant in the following
strain:

There are few lines of life which
are subjected to more grief than con-
ducting a mercantile business. The
merchant is regulated, inspected,
governed by laws and bylaws, harass-
ed by their clerks, cursed by their
wholesalers, damned by their cus-
tomers, ridden to death by the banks
and taxed in every conceivable way
by their municipalities, whether these
be cities, towns, villages or rural
municipalities.

A merchant puts his money and
knowledge into a business, only to
find that so far as conducting it is
concerned, it is no more his than if
he were a complete stranger. His
hours of business are set; his rate of
pay for clerks is set; if he rents his
premises his rent is fixed; if he owns
his premises, his taxes confiscate his
profits every year. The merchant
he sells is always too high in price
or no good anyway. If he buys farm
produce, he is expected to pay more
than the going market price and not
be too critical as to the condition
of the produce.

The merchant is the target of
every petition and collecting sheet
that is passed round, from an appeal
to send heavy woolen underwear to
the Hottentots, to buying ice cream
for the Eskimos. He is expected to
support the baseball club, the hockey
club, the curling club and all the
other clubs that can be thought of.
He must join the Board of Trade or
Chamber of Commerce; he must dig
up, not only for his own church, but
for every other church in his com-
munity and include therein entertain-
ment, by himself or by proxy, at all
fairs, bazaars, chicken suppers or
entertainments held. If some one
wants to get out a programme for
something and not pay for it himself
he sells advertising to a merchant
to cover the cost. A merchant must
hold himself in readiness to be elected
a councillor or alderman or school
trustee and thus donate his time and
money to the public good.

If he tries to collect his bills, his
customers get sore and take their
trade elsewhere, or send it to T.
Eaton's. If he lets these bills run,
and goes broke, he is a poor business
man.

And so on, and so on.
It must be a happy life.

Why, it's nearly as bad as running
a weekly newspaper!!

NEW CANADIAN COMMIS.

NOW IN LONDON

LONDON—Mr. and Mrs. G. How-
ard Ferguson were greeted by a large
crowd of Anglo-Canadians when
they arrived from Liverpool at Bus-
ton station today. The Dominion's
office and other departments of the
British government were represented
among the large number of people
present when the new Canadian high
commissioner and his wife stepped off
the boat train.

Here and There

(896)

Atlantic coast lobster fishermen
fared well in 1930 in catch but
not so well in prices. Nova Scotia
fishermen landed a record catch of
530,000 pounds, of which 126,000
pounds were shipped in shell while
2,024 cases of canned lobster were
packed.

Boxing on snowshoes will be one
of the novelties at the Banff Winter
Carnival opening February 7,
marking another point in the great
battle for popularity honors be-
tween snowshoes and skis. A
George Sutherland, Alberta, first-
weight champion 1926 will be in
charge of the bouts.

Roaring down from Edmonton
through the Bow River Gap through
which 50 years ago the first C.P.R.
survey party made its laborious
passage, airplanes bearing aquatic
stars will steer for Banff where
their passengers will take part in
from Vulcan, Alta., says in part:
"There were six in my house listen-
ing to the broadcast and I know of
at least a dozen other radios that
were tuned in. I am writing
to say how much we enjoyed your
broadcast."

Toronto and Ontario recently
honored their Grand Old Man of
railroading, William Fulton, assist-
ant general passenger agent for the
Canadian Pacific Railway at Tor-
onto, who had completed 40 years
service with the company. He
was guest of honor at the Royal
York Hotel at a banquet given in
his honor by his fellow-officers of
the company to celebrate the occa-
sion.

Letters pour into the radio de-
partment of the Canadian Pacific
Railway daily in connection with
the "Melody Mike" feature every
Monday night. One lady, writing
from Vulcan, Alta., says in part:
"There were six in my house listen-
ing to the broadcast and I know of
at least a dozen other radios that
were tuned in. I am writing
to say how much we enjoyed your
broadcast."

Postal history repeated itself
February 8, when an air mail ser-
vice between Winnipeg and Pem-
bina, North Dakota, on the inter-
national boundary, was put into
effect by the Canadian Postal De-
partment. Pembina was linked up
with Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, in
1857 through the United States mail
service. The prairie airmail postal
service will be extended by the Fed-
eral Government in the near fu-
ture.

At the fifth corn show held re-
cently under the auspices of the
Saskatchewan Corn Growers Asso-
ciation, one of the finest corn
displays in the history of Western
Canada was on display. The show
was held in preparation for the
World's Grain Exhibition and Con-
ference at Regina in 1932, and many
entries in the corn classes of the
latter may be expected from the
farmers of Western Canada. A
total of \$19,000 is being offered in
cash prizes in the different classes
for corn.

Snowshoes from many parts of
Canada and the United States gar-
nered at Quebec City at the end of
January to participate in the 11-
mile Snowshoe Marathon and In-
ternational Championship Races.
The Mayor of Quebec held a recep-
tion for the ladies' clubs at the
Chateau Frontenac where a Cana-
dian supper was later served to the
visitors. The Chateau Frontenac
was also headquarters of the offi-
cials throughout the convention,
which included ice canoe races on
the St. Lawrence and exhibitions
on Dufferin Terrace.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CAN.
BELIEVES IN ADVERTISING

OSHAWA, Ont. Jan. 28.—An aggres-
sive campaign, with newspaper dis-
play columns carrying the brunt of
the attack is promised for this year
by H. M. Ireland, advertising man-
ager of General Motors of Canada,
Limited.

Long one of the Dominion's leading
advertisers, the General Motors or-
ganization lent its endorsement to the
pulling power of the newspaper by
using 520 dailies and weeklies to an-
nounce the new models of Chevrolet,
Pontiac and Oldsmobile early this
year. This was one of the largest
newspaper schedules ever used by
General Motors of Canada, and was
adopted in spite of the oft reiterated
talk of subnormal business conditions
and the generally slackened promo-
tional activities of manufacturers in
and out of the automobile industry.

"We made this move," Mr. Ireland
explains, "because we are believers
in the view that the only way to
make bad business good and good
business better is to put greater ef-
fort into your activities when you
face subnormal conditions."

"Not only did we carry the largest
newspaper schedule we ever used,
but we utilized new forms of adver-
tising to put our new car message
across. Both the radio and the motion
picture screen are being added this
year. Both are new media in our pro-
gram, and both are being used be-
cause a manufacturer with a national
market intensively cultivated cannot
afford to overlook any new means of
approach to that market. We are also
using, of course, national magazines,
outdoor boards, direct mail and other
media, but the newspaper continues
to form the backbone of our cam-
paigns and for the present will con-
tinue to do so."

Better patterns than can be made
by hand are formed with a marked
saving of time by using a combina-
tion motor-driven saw and dadoing
unit.

Although singing and speaking
voices may "fill" large auditoriums
their power, in electrical terms, is
insignificant.

DEFEATING OURSELVES

People who are plucky enough in
many of the great issues of life have
been known to "defeat themselves"
when it comes to a matter of their
own health. There is a great deal in
self-suggestion as every golfer will
tell you.

"I never do well at this hole" says
a player, and straightway makes a
poor shot. He has already invited de-
feat, by assuring his mind that he
will go down at that particular place.
Doctors tell us that there is nothing
easier than for people to tell them-
selves they are ill, and actually make
themselves so by allowing their minds
to depress their bodies.

A clever doctor has many assets be-
sides the degrees of medicine, his
certificates stand for. His confidence
and courage is his cheerfulness and
good spirits are his valuable assist-
ants in putting heart in to his neurotic
patients. One of his chief difficulties
is to prevent people "shaking hands
with defeat" and giving up the fight.

It is the highest form of wisdom
to practice the great art of keeping
well, by having a healthy outlook on
life and on our own health. Deter-
mine to have health up to 100 per
cent or know the reason why. It is
your birthright. You were meant to
enjoy every day with its work and
play. If you do not, there must be
something wrong with the works.
Why not do as you would wish your
car when it is out of commission?
Call in an expert and see what the
trouble is and have any repair parts
replaced. Is it teeth, or eyes, or lack
of ambition? Whatever the cause a
physical examination once a year is
the truest economy and an obligation
you owe to yourself.

A package of health literature will
be sent to you free of charge by the
Red Cross Society 407 Civic Block
Edmonton, on request.

UNSEEN FOUNDATIONS

Amongst the many forces at work
in the building up of the Canadian
nation is one which has its beginning
at the cradle itself, or to be more ac-
curate, when the coming citizen is in
embryo, there are being built unseen
foundations for his coming life.

The care of the expectant mother
of today is a matter of better knowl-
edge, and a truer understanding of
the duties of maternity. It is with
great pride that England is looking
over the situation of her infant health
during the last quarter of the past
year there was recorded the lowest in
infant death rate, namely 45 per 1000
live births. This is the lowest figure
in the history of the country.

The rate in 1890 was 103, as it was
ten years hence in 1900. Ten years
later in 1910 the rate was 105, and
in 1920 it had fallen to 80.

It must be pointed out that these
figures were prepared by the health
teachings in schools, and that when
girls who were well instructed in
mothercraft became mothers them-
selves they had a great reverence for,
and knowledge of responsibility
which faced them. That there is
no more sensitive index of the gen-
eral well-being of the people than

the infant death-rate, is a legitimate
inference of all who study vital sta-
tistics.

Children are having a better chance
in life today because they have bet-
ter informed mothers. When they go
to school they are privileged to have
a health teaching along simple lines
which makes for a permanent phys-
ical prosperity.

These unseen foundations are being
laid quietly yet effectively by the
Free Cross Society by means of its
Free Health Library for mothers, and
by the wonderful organization of the
Jun or Red Cross which encircles the
globe, and is to be found in any little
red schoolhouse by the wayside.

WHEN FATHER SAW LIGHT

Going into a certain place of busi-
ness the other day we discovered the
good man of a certain home care-
fully investigating the merits of several
makes of electric washing machines.
Now this was quite a proper thing to
do, but it transpired that that same
morning, his good lady was not feel-
ing quite up to the mark and "hub-
by" had undertaken to do the family
wash by the good old washboard me-
thod. We can imagine just about
what was going through his mind
before he got through. During the op-
eration he chewed up half a plug of
tobacco with the result that after the
washing was done he had to get
down on his knees and scrub the kit-
chen floor. Do you wonder that he
thought it was about time to buy a
washing machine.

This little incident took our minds
back to the good old days when moth-
ers used to make her own soap from
lye run offwood ashes and boiled the
family wash in the old-fashioned cop-
per boiler. She had some little con-
templation which she used to put in
the boiler to help circulation; but
most of the work, and she had a large
family, was done on the washboard.
Then came various forms of hand-
power washers which were consid-
ered wonders in those days. But with
the introduction of electrical power,
all that is now changed and most of
the drudgery to which our mothers
were accustomed has been done away
with.—Ex.

Occupying a minimum of space, a
compact shaving outfit that fits in a
flat container can be slipped into the

Larger 1931 Pontiac Has Many New Features



A wide number of engineering
advancements are seen in the im-
proved 1931 Pontiac. The longer
wheelbase of 112 inches lends it-
self to more beautiful body pro-
portions and has permitted the
designing of a larger, lower ap-
pearing automobile. Above are
shown the standard coupe and

four door sedan models. These
characteristically display the ex-
ternal advances in styling. The
chrome-plated screen conceals and
protects the radiator core. A
curved fender tie-bar supports the
chrome-plated head lamps. Added
passenger comfort has been at-
tained through the larger, roomier
fisher bodies and a better ventila-
tion development. The whole body
of the new car is practically cas-
hed on rubber. The 1931 Pontiac
is being offered for less than the
price at which any previous Pon-
tiac was introduced.

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 Help reduce rates by keeping down the losses.
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 J. W. STUART, MGR.
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 INVALUABLE—among our resources—is a certain indispensable asset which makes a jewelry store a place of dependable service. That asset is the very human quality of looking after your individual needs. We are here to serve you—not all of you at once—but each of you individually. And may we say that we appreciate the confidence you have placed in us through the years that have passed.
EARL L. CORK
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 MAIN ST. WAINWRIGHT

SWEET WILLIAM

(Continued from page 3)

"And the dry mouth arrested him?"
 "No, not then. He arrested him in our front yard. He said he wanted to find out who was buying liquor. He said that to Aunt Sophie, imagine, just after he'd pinched Dick and Aunt Sophie, well Aunt Sophie was magnificent. She said: 'All right! If I'm going to be put in jail for accepting a few friendly bottles of champagne then I guess I'll just keep the champagne.' And with that she grabbed up the suitcase, it must have weighed a ton, and ran into the house with it and put it down in the middle of the living room floor and sat on it."

"William, I said. 'This is serious. Let's go.'"
 "I telephoned Norman," said William, "he'll be there too."

He was. Ah, told there were five of us in Miss Bigelow's living room when the proceedings commenced, and most striking of all was Miss Bigelow herself. How long the dear old lady had been sitting on that suitcase, I don't know, but no queen ever had a more majestic demeanor. The pumpkin sat in a stiff chair nearby and looked fatuously unconcerned.

Norman Reed stood up against the wall. Poor Dick Garland looked worried and profoundly sheepish.

"You do the talking," Aunt Sophie said to me.

I bowed my acknowledgments of this honor and addressed Jones.

"Old man," I said, "you've made a mistake. Why not admit it like a decent fellow and end this farce?"

"It may be a farce to you," answered the pumpkin, "but to me it is business. There's a lot of liquor coming in along this coast and it is my job to find out all I can about it."

"You've found out nothing by arresting an innocent man!"

"He isn't innocent," retorted the prohibition agent. "I caught him with the goods on him. He's been transporting intoxicating liquor and that's illegal."

"It's technically illegal, I'll admit," I interrupted him. "But under the circumstances, to arrest Mr. Garland—"

"What do you know about Mr. Garland?" snapped the pumpkin.

"I know Dick Garland," said Norman quietly. "He was in my outfit in France during the war. Mr. Garland is not only a gentleman but also a distinguished ex-officer of the government that you pretend to serve."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Reed. You say you knew Mr. Garland during the war. How much have you known or seen of him since the war?"

"I've seen nothing of him since the war has I?"

"Oh, you've seen nothing of him? Then you don't really know anything about him at the present time?"

"Mr. Jones," I said impatiently. "You have only to call Mr. Garland's father on the telephone—"

"No, don't do that!" spoke up Dick himself, with a queer travesty of his once joyous smile. "I don't want father to know anything about this."

"Why not?" shot back the prohibition agent.

"Because I've just made peace with him after eight years of quarrelling and I don't want to spoil things by letting him know I've been pinched as a bootlegger, besides, there's no sense in it. Good Lord, Jones, why can't you believe me when I tell you the simple truth. The champagne in that suitcase came from my father's wine cellar. I sent it to him myself from France in December, 1917."

"And how do I know the stuff came from your father's cellar?"

"But, surely," cried Dick, his eyes beginning to blaze, "surely you don't suspect me of selling liquor to these two ladies? If you do," he shouted, "I'll jolly well knock your fat block off!"

The pumpkin didn't move. He just sat there and smiled.

"Then why was you bringing that suitcase to this house?" he demanded.

Dick Garland looked grimly at the pumpkin; then rather helplessly at Aunt Sophie, who in turn looked askance at William.

"The fact is, Mr. Jones," began that young woman desperately, but I stopped her. I sprang into the breach with my famous lie. It was

really a gorgeous lie, one that any fiction writer might be proud of.

"The fact is, Mr. Jones," I said, "the champagne in that suitcase was to have been drunk and I trust still will be drunk at Miss Bigelow's wedding!"

There was a tense silence, during which I looked steadily at Mr. Jones. "Oh!" uttered the latter. "Oh-h-h! A wedding! So the young lady here is going to be married?"

"Yes, she is. That's right, isn't it, William?"

"Right!" breathed William. And then she smiled, a sudden glorious smile that seemed to illumine the whole room. "Yes!—I am going to be married!"

And all at once by some strange telepathic process, we all became aware of the fact that William really was going to be married. To me, who had invented the lie, this psychological boomrang was most amazing.

"Well," said Mr. Jones rubbing his plump knees, "I suppose it's Mr. Reed here that you're going to marry. And I must say that puts a different light on the matter. But just the same, I think what I thought from the beginning; I think your friend Garland was smuggling booze along the coast. And the reason I think so is because I've seen this suitcase before. Just three days ago I dug it out of a sand dune over on Silver Beach where it had been planted by somebody who wasn't expecting to catch no snips in it. It was empty, then and I left it just as I found it. But I scratched a mark on it so I could tell if I ever saw it again. And there's the mark!"

Before Garland could speak William sprang forward and said, "Don't you answer him, Dick! Who cares where you got that silly old suitcase? Then suddenly a kind of ecstasy seized her."

"Listen you, Mr. Jones! Listen all of you! I love Dick and I'm going to marry him. He may be a bootlegger, he may be anything for all I know. I'll marry him in jail if I have to, but I'm going to marry him!"

"William!" cried Norman Reed. "The girl looked at her other hero and slowly shook her head."

"Oh, Norman, I'm awfully sorry. But it's true. I do love him—"

There was a protracted and rather painful pause. Then—

"In that case," replied Reed, with a really heroic smile, "I'll say good afternoon. I wish you luck, both of you. And—good-by William."

His exit was splendid, but I was the only one who witnessed it. For Dick Garland by that time had William in his arms; Aunt Sophie was crying into her handkerchief and Jones was staring at the ceiling.

"Sweetheart," murmured young Mr. Garland, "I'm not a bootlegger. As for that suitcase, I borrowed it from a chap a mechanic, who left Silver Beach this morning for Canada. May be he'd noticed the mark that Mr. Jones scratched on his bag! But, any way, I'm not a criminal."

"As a matter of fact," concluded Dick glaring over William's head at the dry officer, "I'm third assistant cashier in my father's bank in Boston, or will be starting Monday. And now I'd like to know whether I go to jail or to the nearest marriage license bureau?" And still glaring at Jones, he barked explosively, "Well?"

The pumpkin got up slowly.

"If I was sure I wouldn't be sued for false arrest," he ruminated, "I guess I'd be willing to let bygones be bygones."

"It's a bargain!" declared Dick and impulsively held out his hand.

The dry sketch shook it simply and turned to go. But Aunt Sophie rose and blocked his way.

"Mr. Jones," quavered the old lady "you're a nice man. I just know you are. I want you to stay and drink to the happiness of these two dear young people. Oh, I know you're a prohibition officer. But a glass of champagne never hurt anybody—"

Dick! Take that suitcase out to the pantry and open a bottle right away. I want Mr. Jones to drink to the health of my dear, demented William!

At five o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Jones, the dry sketch agent, was sleeping peacefully in a spare room over Aunt Sophie's garage; Aunt Sophie was sitting alone in the living-room, drinking black coffee and humming

softly to herself; William and Dick were on the sun porch getting better acquainted, and I was on my way home to my wife.

"Elsie," I said, when I had told my wife the news, "why do you suppose William, with all the odds in favor of Norman Reed, chose Dick Garland?"

"Don't be silly," replied Elsie. "Don't you remember, she told you herself that he was the only man who'd ever called her sweet William?"

SUBSCRIBE to the Star.

CO-OPERATION WITH THE EDITOR

"Say, Ed. Just had a new traveller from Blank's in. First time he's been here—didn't know we had a real live town. Covers all the prairie and B.C. and says things look brighter here than at a whole lot of other places. He's coming over to see you."

That was Jim, the hardware store-keeper to the local editor. It was just the kind of co-operation the editor wants.

The traveller called on the editor. He told him how the crops hereabouts were away ahead of farther up the line, and how the prosperity of the home town was reflected in the orders he was getting. Was there some whom he could put his wife and children up during the holidays?

The editor got a snappy news item. Ed, the local hardwareman, got a mention. X, the new traveller from Blank's, got a little reference to his firm and its products. So everybody was satisfied.

If everyone were to co-operate with the local editor, his job would be a lot easier. He's just thirsting for news all the time and few local papers produce sufficient revenue to warrant the employment of reporters who can gather up all the little items.

After all, the local newspaper is a very much more valuable community organization than many associations and societies. Everybody reads it—the whole family. And while it is a private enterprise, it nevertheless deserves the support of all the residents in more ways than one. Subscribe to it; advertise in it; don't with its advertisers, and then complete your part by passing along any little news story that you may come across.

Water can be warmed quickly and conveniently by an electric heater which is submerged in the liquid, thus applying the heat directly to the water.

SLATS' DIARY
 By Ross Farquhar

Friday—well, I had to go to the Dr. for his nerves because he has been having a lot of nervous trouble lately and the Dr. sed to him that he would have to cut out all brain work for a few months and as to why do I can't do that because I am making a living by writing bed lines and things like that for the noose paper wear I work at and the Dr. replied and sed O you can still keep on continuing to do that all right, and he didn't say anything more about it.

Saturday—I made forty 5 cents to day working for the store keeper, to me when I can home ma made me sed. for every bit of it, and I told

her I spent ten cts. for a couple ice cream cones and five for sun licking and ten for sun chewing gum and a dime for a few candied nuts Ma sed that left a nickle to sed for but I couldn't think what I done with it. The only thing I can figure out is that I must of spent a nickle fool ish somewhere.


Sunday—well I walked home from young peoples meeting with Jane this evening and I hitched her in a lie. when I started to leave her at the gate I kist her and she sed if you do that again I am going to call my father and I done it agoe and she dident call her father nor nobody else of the family.

Monday—well I gess pa wont lecture me and us on Economy enny moreebby. Today he started in and now from all the latest reports he is not going to blong to the golf club this coming summer. He is lucky if he dussent halt to quit smoking.

Tuesday—A strange man is a visit ing up at Jakes house this evening, ma is very curies to no who he is but pa says he thinks he is a farmer becuz he herd him complaineing about the wother. And how had it may be later on.

Wednesday—Clem Blunt use to be called a Lady Killer and he went and got married last month and I gess he is a lady killer alrite becuz it looks like he is going to starve this I to deth.

Thursday—Bisters says he dussent believe in sins no more becuz he Et a Safety match to see was there enny gaselen in his uncles motor-cycle, and he nearly lost his eyebrows and h's hat. Furthermore he disside safety matches ain't no safe way to hunt gaselen with.


 Capital, \$36,000,000 Rest and Undivided Profits, \$38,947,047
 Total Assets, \$326,969,537
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 Where You Get Good Groceries
 PRICES ON FOODSTUFFS ARE STILL SHOWING DECLINES. WE FOLLOW THE DOWN PRICES PROMPTLY AT ALL TIMES. WE ALSO HAVE A REGULAR DELIVERY SERVICE FROM OUR STORE, AND YOU CAN ORDER BY TELEPHONE IF MORE CONVENIENT THAN SHOPPING IN PERSON. WE FEEL SURE YOU WILL FIND OUR STORE AN IDEAL PLACE TO DO YOUR SHOPPING. THE QUALITY OF GOODS IS ALWAYS THE BEST, AND WE CARRY THE BEST KNOWN ADVERTISED LINES.
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By Terry Gilkison



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In a wonderful range of new Spring styles in printed cotton Taffeta's

Our showing of these smart new frocks represents a marked advance in style and value and we strongly suggest you making early selection. At the prices quoted you will want several of these wonderful dresses. All sizes 14 years to size 44.

price 95c \$1.49 & \$1.95 each

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FINE SNOWY WHITE SHEETING OF EVEN TEXTURE AND LONG WEARING

Quality width 72 inch
Extra special per yard

39c

WABASSO PLAIN WHITE HEMMED SHEETS, sizes 72x90 inches

Our price, pair \$2.35

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A NICE RANGE OF NEW PEGGY

Prints & Cotton Printed Taffetas

In new spring designs. All guaranteed fast colors. Priced per yard 23c and 25c

A. C. ARMSTRONG, Ltd.

DEPARTMENTAL STORE

PHONE 16

WAINWRIGHT

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WE HAVE GOT OUR SPRING DISPLAY OF

Harness, Bridles, Halters, Sweat Pads, Collars, Etc., Etc.

ON SHOW NOW. COME IN AND LOOK IT OVER

IF YOU NEED A PIECE OF LEATHER TO FIX UP SOME OLD HARNESS; WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS

WE WILL ESTEEM IT A PLEASURE INDEED, IF, WHEN YOU HAVE AN ORDER MADE OUT, TO SEND OUT OF TOWN; YOU WILL COME IN TO US AND GIVE US A TRIAL. IF WE CANNOT SATISFY YOU AS TO QUALITY AND PRICE, WHY THERE WILL BE ABSOLUTELY NO HARM DONE. WE NEED YOU AND YOU NEED US.

Laco Mazda Globes

(Inside frosted)

15 WATT UP TO 60 WATT.

only 25c each

Hannah's - 8 Hardware

MAIN STREET

WAINWRIGHT

THE STORE THAT SATISFIES

Did You Know?

THE HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH IS

DEATH VALLEY

(134 in the shade; 112 at midnight)

THE COLDEST PLACE ON EARTH IS

VERKHOFYANSH, SIBERIA

(93 below)

THE MOST COMFORTABLE PLACE ON EARTH IS THE

HOME HEATED WITH OUR

BLACK DIAMOND COAL

STORM DOORS & WINDOWS

TO KEEP YOU WARM ANY SIZE

Window Glazing

BRING IN YOUR BROKEN WINDOWS. WE GLAZE THEM WHILE YOU WAIT.

Atlas Lumber Co.

Homey Homes

J. WELCH, Agent

Black Diamond Coal

PHONES 57 or 93

HERE AND THERE IN TOWN AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT

BORN—To Mr and Mrs Chas Welch at the Wainwright municipal hospital, on February 6th, a girl

Mrs Joe Hill is a patient at the hospital, and is getting along nicely now.

A surprise party was held at the home of Mr Jack Voth recently, when games and dancing gave a merry time to quite a number present. Messrs McLennan, Garneau and Voth supplied the music and the entertainment was kept up till a late hour.

Silence may be golden—but not in our business! Because we want you to know that we are headquarters for paint, wall paper, corn plaster, etc., and that we have reduced prices so that it will pay you to buy material from us, now and get your work done while labor is plentiful and cheap—Atlas Lumber Co., phone 57, Joe Welch, mgr.

Mrs D. Sibbey, who was staying for a day or two with friends here has left to make her home at Coalpur where her husband is operator for the C.N.R.

Mrs Brenda Hewitt, of Irma, who has been in hospital for treatment is now recovered so far as to be removed home.

A trip to the 100th anniversary of the Highland Show of Scotland is being conducted by Hon. Duncan Marshall, of Cookfield Brown & Co., of Toronto. This trip, which is in part of arrangement and entertainment, is one of the best that has been planned will start on June 13th from Montreal, and return to New York on July 26th.

Get the license for your motor vehicle from Joe Welch. He has the plates right here.

A presentation of a hand-painted sofa cushion was made to Mrs W. Warnock, from the group of girls of which she has been leader for some time, at a pleasant gathering in the Laurier hotel at Edgerton. In thanking the girls for their handsome gift Mrs Warnock wished them and their low leader every success. A buffet lunch was served, this being followed by games and music.

This week has seen Mr Bill Bibby busily engaged on the removal of the machinery from the Senator Oil site to that picked by the new Atlantic Oil Co. north of town. This machinery is being placed for duty as quickly as possible, and in a couple of weeks drilling will commence.

The change of the seasons has sure worked some funny stunts with the usual winter occupations. For instance instead of hugging the stove in the usual below zero temperatures of a western winter, threshermen were at work last week in the district and the teaming and trucking of wheat has been resumed.

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones; likewise people living in stone houses should not throw glass! But everyone should carry fire insurance on their home and car. Joe Welch specializes in fire insurance and is agent for strong companies. See him without delay, it may save you big money!

The annual meeting of the ratepayers of the Vale M.D. is dated for February 21st at Doley hall, when a big turnout is expected. Mr Don Pawsey is now acting as secretary pro tem.

Owing to the withdrawal of one of the candidates in the Mayoralty contest for the town Returning officer Pawling made the statutory declaration on Wednesday afternoon last of the continuation in that office of Mayor Foster for another two years.

The ratepayers of Galt Edge M.D. will meet for the annual discussion of affairs and the financial statement in the Town hall on Saturday February 21st at 2 p.m. when nomination for the vacant seats on the Council will be opened.

"Help the unemployed" is now the popular cry! The weather is fine and many residents of the district have the means and need repair work painting, brickwork, etc. to be done. Men will do this work now much cheaper than in the summer months. Make money by taking advantage of the fine weather, and have your repairing work done now. Ring 57, Atlas Lumber Co., who will place you in touch with capable men for any line of work you need to have done.

We are glad to know that both Mrs J. W. Daugherty and her baby are getting along nicely now after a case of the flu and heavy colds.

It is pleasing to note that little Helen Huston, who has been on the sick list for some days is now improving.

Sympathies are being extended to Mrs Chas. Love, of town upon the loss of her sister-in-law, Miss Ethel Love, who passed away last week at her home in Duluth, Minn.

Upon fire insurance sits the credit structure of the world, as no one will lend money unless protected by fire insurance. Don't let the hard times scare cause you to neglect your fire insurance just at the time when a possible fire loss will cripple you the most. Fire insurance is even cheaper than wheat! Don't neglect it, but see Joe Welch without delay or phone 57.

The date of the vote on local option for this village of Edgerton has been set for March 10th next. This will be the first vote to be taken on the subject for 1931.

The death occurred at the week end of Mrs L. L. Pound, of Ribstone, and the funeral is being held today at the family residence. Rev. W. J. Huston of Wainwright United church will conduct the obsequies.

The Earl of Bessborough has been appointed the new Governor-General of Canada, according to an announcement by Premier Bennett at Ottawa on Tuesday.

There are 10,000 different ways that a fire can start and destroy your property! Why take 10,000 chances of losing your life's accumulation when 1 1/4 cents per day will protect you for \$1000.000 life insurance. See Joe Welch; let him carry the risk.

Mrs I. Secord was a patient at the hospital for a few days, and her class is in charge of Miss M. Spence until she recovers from her illness.

John Bean has now left the hospital and is feeling better though weak. Mrs Bean unfortunately had to go to the hospital last week for treatment.

Our former friends were reminded of the lecture which is to be held on Friday next in the L.O.O.F. hall at 2 p.m. This is under the auspices of the agricultural society and is free to all interested. This is something which should make an effort to attend.

Tickets are now obtainable for the big card party and dance which is being staged by the Robicahs of town at the L.O.O.F. hall on Wednesday evening next. Cards, supper and dances and good prizes at fifty cents. Cards start at 8 p.m.

The choir of St Luke's church journeyed out to the home of their president Mrs L. O'Reilly on Friday evening last, when a very pleasant social time was spent by quite a number. It was one of those "very best yet" affairs, too, and the supper was delightful.

Do You Know

That the Canadian National Recreation Association is open to the general public for membership as well as to those on the staff of the Canadian National Railways?

Any person can pay a dollar per year for membership, same fee as an employee member, and become an Associate Member. By becoming an Associate Member, you are entitled to participate in all the privileges of the Association. There are small club fees in connection with some of the branches of sport, which go towards prizes and upkeep, but these fees are very small in comparison with the returns you get from the recreation.

Canadian National Recreation Associations are functioning at all the larger points on the Canadian National Railway System, and are supplying and supporting healthy Sports and Recreation for all. The Wainwright Branch solicits your support and membership, ladies as well as gentlemen.

Some of the branches of sports and recreation lined up for 1931 are, Carpet Bowling, Rifle Shooting, Horseshoe Pitching, Tennis, Soft Ball. Each activity is in the charge of its Chairman and Committee.

A start is to be made this year on a fine new Lawn Bowling Green. Just think what an asset this alone will be to Wainwright when completed, not only as a means of recreation, but as an added beauty spot to our town.

Buy your ticket now. The bigger the membership the greater the benefits. See Mr C. E. Callas, the Secretary, or any of the following members of the Executive:—J. S. Sutherland, J. E. Alderman, G. A. Carlson, E. L. Cork, H. S. C. Smart, S. E. Torg, R. G. Robertson, F. Morris, T. Lismore, P. E. Wiley, W. H. Kemp.

Mrs L. Stott, who has been suffering from an attack of the grippe for several days is now recovering.

Figure it out for yourself. Advertisers in The Star are more anxious to please and serve you at fair prices than those who do not advertise for your business. Therefore, they "bait the world!" Read the ads. It pays.

A women's concert is being arranged by the Young People's society of the United church, to be held at King's park at Fairview on Wednesday next Feb. 18th. Trucks will convey the crowd to the park, leaving the church at 7.30 p.m.

Mr and Mrs J. Outbarnson were in the city on business for a few days over the week end.

Mr Hamilton of the Buffalo park staff received word of the serious illness of his mother at her home in Manitoba on Saturday, and he left for her bedside over the C.N. from Wainwright on Sunday.

Mr Tom Haythorne will be the principal speaker at the "Father and Son" banquet which is arranged to be held at the United church tomorrow (Thursday) evening, when a big turnout is looked for.

Don't miss the card party at the L.O.O.F. hall this Wednesday evening. Dancing will be indulged in after the supper which follows the card game. For the whole evening's amusement and good prizes to the winners.

The Elks Club are announcing a big balloon dance in the theatre for Monday evening next, and a real jolly time is assured to all. In view of the objects of this society to assist underprivileged children in our district, this affair should receive the hearty support of all.

An enormous number of wild ducks were observed flying away north last week just south of Saddle Hill school. Looks as though they realised, too, that winter has practically ended! Some buzzards belt this country, too.

Caused by stepping upon a nail, which entered his foot, Mr. H. Bruner has been suffering for the past week, and is still quite lame, although back at business.

The Public Utilities committee of the Town Council held a conference on Wednesday last with Mr A. McDonald, northern superintendent of the Calgary Power Co. relative to several matters connected with the supply and cost of energy to Wainwright users. Counsellor Huntingford, as chairman, assisted by the Mayor and other Councilors, as well as Messrs Bob Snyder, and Bill Bruner brought several matters before this official, and these were very fully discussed from all angles. Mr McDonald promised to have attention given to all the arguments, and suggested some remedial measures which will no doubt have a beneficial effect.

Mr W. T. Bruner has had a very sore hand for the past week, owing to catching this member on a nail while at his business.

While hauling a large load of wheat from his farm at Galt Edge, Mr. J. Bissop, was thrown from the top of the load to the frozen ground and suffered a severe bruising; being unconscious for some time. After a few days rest he is able to be around again.

A letter from Mr J. Russell Love, M.L.A., advises us that he is watching the matter of the pipeline franchise very closely and expects a favorable decision very shortly.

Col. Bell, of the Bethel Oils, who has been here for a couple of weeks, spent several days in Calgary last week accompanied by Jack Cruise, the driller.

Town Clerk H. Pawling, who has been granted a month's leave of absence owing to ill-health, is planning to leave for the coast in a few days. Mr Pawling, whose duties are being undertaken by Mr N. S. Kenny during the interim, has been Town Clerk since 1915, and has never before had a holiday from his duties. We wish him a speedy recovery to full enjoyment of health and strength.

On Sunday evening last word was received in town that Leonard, the 21-year old son of Mr and Mrs Mockford, of Heath had been the victim of a car accident near Wetaskiwin. Mr S. Bowerman drove the sorrowing parents over to Wetaskiwin and there they found that the patient had been admitted to hospital. At last reports he was in a very serious condition with small hopes of recovery.

Some banana belt we live in! On Tuesday Mr J. Telford, went round the nine holes of our golf course. Mrs Kyle and Mrs Reed were also trying out their stance on the same afternoon!

GALVANIZED BARGAINS

Heavy Pails 45c	Heavy Tubs \$1.25
Galvanized Boilers	\$1.25

Axe Handles 35c	Axes \$1.50
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Horse Shoes and Calks	Nails
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W. E. WASHBURN

—THE HARDWARE MAN—

PHONE 34

WAINWRIGHT

WE HAVE A FEW LADIES SILK DRESSES OF THE BETTER QUALITY AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES TO CLEAR

LADIES SILK BLOOMERS, pair 69c to 95c

LADIES WOOLTEX and FLEECE LINED BLOOMERS, pair 55c and 59c

GIRLS FLEECE BLOOMERS, 2 to 14 years, pair 35c to 49c

LADIES SILK HOSE, pair, 75c to \$1.50

SILKOLINE HOSE, per pair 45c

COTTON HOSE, in all the newest shades, pair 30c

JUST ARRIVED, FASHION CRAFT NEW SPRING SAMPLES FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

A. SAWERS

LADIES, MEN'S & BOYS WEAR

4 LOAVES FOR 25c at the WAINWRIGHT BAKERY

MEN'S ROYAL YORK SUITS

New Spring Samples, Fine Selection

All One Price \$27.00

\$35.00 With Extra Pants

Patterson's Dept. Store

PHONE 1

MAIN ST.

ELITE THEATRE PROGRAM

THURS., FRI., AND SAT., FEBRUARY 12-13-14

CHARLEY MURRAY AND GEORGE SIDNEY IN

"The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

FUNNIER THAN EVER, IN EIGHT REELS OF SCREAMS

Two reel Educational all talking

LLOYD HAMILTON COMEDY: HONK YOUR HORN

ALSO WEEKLY FOX-NEWS IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

MRS GEO. GREGSON AND MRS O. R. HANNAH HAVE

been drawn for the free show this week. This advertisement presented at theatre accepted as your complimentary.

DANCING EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT IN FUTURE

NO SHOW MON., TUES., WED., UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Coming soon: United Artists' Master Drama ALIBI